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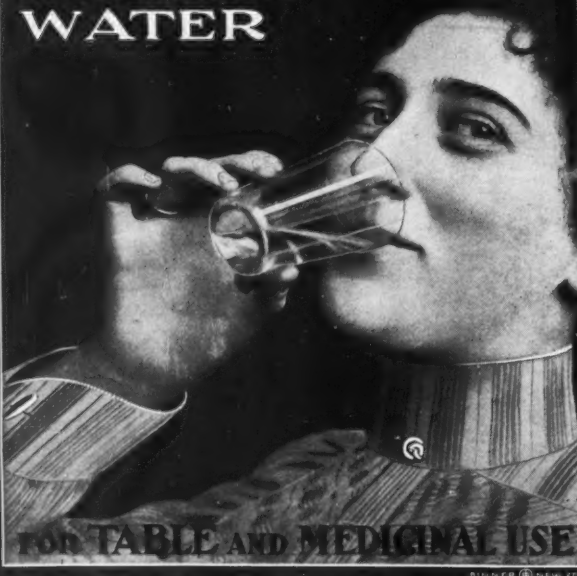
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HISTORIC BITS.

XV.

THAT CHARTER OAK EPISODE.

—“SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS WERE EXTINGUISHED—AND WHEN THEY WERE RELIT—THE DOCUMENT HAD DISAPPEARED!”

Witchcraft.

SOOTH, hadst thou lived in Salem-town,
Thou rogue with those blithe eyes of
brown,
Sweet Mistress Dorothy,
Some goodman would have writ thee down
For arrant witchery!

When first I saw thy rose-lips part,
And heard thy voice's winsome art,
Deep in the pit I fell;
Marry, deliver up my heart!—
(Or thine would do as well).

Clinton Scollard.

Naturally.

MAYME (*disconsolately*): My increase in salary hasn't done me a bit of good.

MARIE: Dear me: Why hasn't it?

MAYME (*more disconsolately*): It has just made my wants increase.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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THE effort of our Government to induce the Sultan of Turkey to pay about one hundred thousand



dollars, long overdue as indemnity for losses sustained by American missionaries in Armenia, seems a purely conscientious action. Convention time is approaching, yet nobody suggests that there is politics in the Administration's demand. The Sultan has promised several times to pay up, but doesn't do it. The missionary societies need the money, and Secretary Hay says they shall have it or he will know the reason why.

If the Sultan does not disburse, the proposition seems to be to use whatever means is necessary to take the money away from him. The means usually employed in such cases are ships of war. We have some ready. If we send a squadron to collect our bill the Sultan's navy may fight, and in that case American institutions may be subjected to the strain of another great naval victory. In that event we may have more Admirals running for President this fall. Worse still, the Sultan may claim that we have destroyed his government, and that it is our duty to take the country and run it. If he appeals in that fashion to the American hair trigger conscience, there

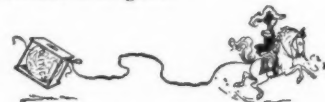
is little doubt that we shall feel constrained to annex Turkey, the more so as to leave it loose in Europe would be pretty sure to bring on a general war. Then we should have to thrash the Armenians and others into submission to our rule, and altogether it would prove a disconcerting and expensive business for us, making us rivals of Russia and Great Britain, and raising general trouble.

We ought all, therefore, to hope that the Sultan will have the kindness to pay his debt without driving us to harsh measures, and if he happens to be momentarily short of funds there is little doubt that the necessary sum can be raised for him in ten minutes in Wall Street on any sort of security it may be convenient for him to offer. We can't afford to fight again at present with any more sick men, who can claim to be beaten and unload on us.



WALL STREET doesn't like wars, and would turn very pale at even a remote prospect of a war with Turkey. It has been bothered enough by the obstinacy of the Boers, and it has troubles of its own besides. Its most recent trouble is a man from Chicago named Gates, who is chairman of the management of a big wire company, and who has talked and otherwise conducted himself in a way very detrimental to the interests of his own stockholders and those in most of the other big steel trusts. Gates, as the newspapers represent him, is a gambler without scruple or sense of public responsibility. He is likened to the late Colonel James Fisk, and felt to be very much wickeder than our other contemporary manipulators of values. His preëminence as a bad man may not stand scrutiny, but as an apparent example of the species of microbe that Providence may have raised up to check the excessive multiplication of trusts, he has afforded an interesting object of study both for the speculative and the devout. One reason why the Standard Oil has proved such a particularly potent and pervasive trust is that it is grounded in religious principles, which, while they do not deter it from timely or desirable spoliation of the Amalekites, do effectually hinder it from cutting the throats of

its own stockholders. The basis of public confidence in these great industrial combinations must be the conviction that their managers will not shear the lambs of their own flock, but will get their wool outside. A trust that can't be trusted by its owners is no good.



THE problem of the government of our Spanish colonies promises to perplex us for a long time to come. The bill passed for Porto Rico provides a tariff of fifteen per cent. of Dingley rates on imports, the money to be used for the expenses of the island. It also provides for a local government, which is to be a combination of an elective legislature and a council appointed by the President, with most of the power in the hands of the council. More objection is now made to the scheme of government than to the tariff. The plan may be modified by future amendments, or ruled out altogether by the Supreme Court. Great abuses are possible under it, and the best that can be said for it is that it is a definite plan, under which, for the time being, Porto Rico can do business. It will serve as a precedent when the time comes to arrange matters for the Philippines, and will give the Supreme Court a chance to say how far the Constitution applies to our recent acquisitions.



MEANWHILE, as spring advances, Anglo-Saxon civilization is not much more than holding its own. The Philippines are still a source of worry, with few mitigations, and seem as much like a gold brick as ever, albeit our labors there go forward with energy and large expenditures of money, and of good work by good men. The most comfort there is for us in our consideration of the Philippines is that after all the British got into a worse scrape than we did, and with less excuse. The longer the job of thrashing the Boers holds out, the fuller is the appreciation of its vast difficulties, and the graver are the doubts of Christendom as to whether, after all, the Boers needed to be thrashed.



A SAGACIOUS SUITOR

"HER FATHER SAYS HE WANTS ME TO DEMONSTRATE FIRST THAT I CAN EARN MY OWN LIVING."

"ARE YOU GOING TO TRY IT?"

"WHAT FOR? WHY, I NEEDN'T MARRY HER IN THAT CASE!"



HOW A BOY FEELS WHEN HE FIRST PUTS ON LONG PANTS.



Some Men with the Bark On and Some Quakers.

FREDERIC REMINGTON'S books have a place of their own which they fill comfortably to the satisfaction of many readers. They are not exactly fiction, or sporting articles, or "nature stories," or war correspondence. They unite many of the graces and some of the faults of all these. One thing they always are—Remington recording, with pen and pencil, a very good time in some adventurous corner of the world. He often makes a wry face about it, and pretends to have undergone many annoyances—but you know that he would not have missed the experience for the world.

The title of his latest book, "Men with the Bark On" (Harper's), is an accurate description of the kind of characters he likes to write about. Soldier, sailor, cow puncher, guide and sportsman—all the men who live on the fringe of things and like to get away from houses and elevators—these are the choice company of his stories. And there isn't a coward or a braggart in the lot. They use strong language and strong drink, but are never offensive.

In this particular volume Mr. Remington has judi-

ciously sandwiched in some memories of the Spanish war. The best of them is the story of old *Oestreicher*, the veteran orderly—a man of the *Mulvaney* type in his fidelity and love for a fight. Other notable chapters are a mid-winter trip to the Tourilli Club, and "With the Fifth Corps," which is a memory of the fight at San Juan.

Neither Mr. Remington's writings nor his drawings are technically smooth. Like his men—they have the bark on.

A VERY strange and unchronicled phase of life in the Middle West is portrayed in "Enoch Willoughby" (Scribner's)—a novel by James A. Wickersham. It has to do with one of those Quaker families which have been three or four generations moving West from Pennsylvania, by way of Ohio and Indiana, to Kansas or Iowa. And wherever you find them, they are "of the respectable, well-to-do sort"—but always a little "queer." If you transplant intense spirituality to a new soil—particularly to free and undeveloped surroundings—an eccentric harvest is sure to follow. Kansas can be logically explained on that theory.

The *Enoch Willoughby* of this story was "the oddest, perhaps, of all the Willoughbys that came West." He was a "spiritualist" of the honest type, who believed in none of the claptrap of the sect, but did engage in some very queer manifestations and tests. He believed in the direct guidance or intervention of spirits in every-day affairs. Of course he was prosecuted for heresy by the Orthodox Quakers and turned out of the church.

That is the whole of the story—one of the most placid records of a spiritual tragedy which is really full of emotional crises. The author seems to be so imbued with the Quaker way of looking at things that his style is controlled by it. The narrative is gray, quiet, clear, judicious—but flows along with a depth of earnestness not to be mistaken. Really dramatic episodes, like

the saving of *Enoch* from the White-Caps or the rescue of the child from drowning, are told as simply as the discourse in a Quaker meeting.

This is an admirable specimen of literary art which seems to be perfectly unconscious. Its very placidity, however, will prevent its arousing keen interest, even in appreciative readers. *Droch.*

New Publications.

Paris as It Is. By Katherine de Forest. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

This is a cross between a guide book and a character study. It contains information, but it is better than this—it is interesting.

Would Christ Belong to a Labor Union? By Rev. Cortland Myers, D. D. New York: Street and Smith.

This is one of those impossible volumes, of which the less said the better.

The Klondike Stampede. By Tappan Adney. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

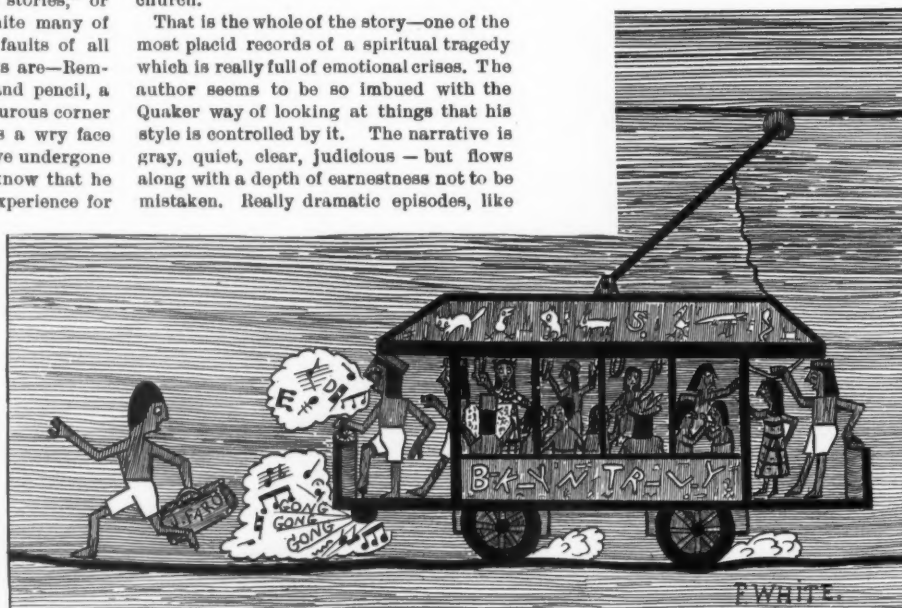
Anyone who wishes to know about the Klondike, from the first sensation of its gold-bearing qualities to the tail end, can make no mistake in getting this book. It is the best one written on the subject.

Flame, Electricity and the Camera. By George Iles.

A handsome volume, beautifully illustrated, in which is set forth man's progress from the first flame to the latest photograph. Well told and interesting.

Men with the Bark On. By Frederic Remington. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

Red Blood and Blue. By Harrison Robertson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



EVEN IN THOSE DAYS.

Our Clime.

BUY me a pair of overshoes,
And a mackintosh, too, I pray
And mix me a bowl of steaming punch,
For I'm to be Queen of the May.

THE recent action of several Presbyteries in New York State and elsewhere, in voting by large majorities to recommend the General Assembly to revise the Presbyterian doctrinal standards, was virtually a protest against the retention of such obsolete articles of faith as the theory of predestination. The idea that some persons are foreordained to salvation and eternal bliss, and others to eternal misery, and that neither can avoid their fate, is, nowadays, either ignored or disclaimed by four-fifths of the Presbyterians, and very faintly defended by the rest. It ought to be thrown out. The creeds of all churches are

necessarily behind the times, because creeds are conservative, and don't change until their defects have become generally obvious. But even standards of religion ought not to be allowed to get so far behind the times as to become ridiculous. The Presbyterian Church is a body of great respectability and influence. It cannot afford, in justice to its own intelligence, to compel its ministers to subscribe to dogmas which neither they nor other intelligent persons any longer regard as either reasonable or useful.

Evil Communications.

LICE: I do wish Edgar wouldn't associate with doctors.

MAMMA: Why, daughter?

"Oh, some doctor he knows has told him where his appendix is; and now he thinks he's got a pain in it."

To a Correspondent.

"A FAIR-MINDED AMERICAN WOMAN" asks us, "How about Julian Ralph? Is he an Englishman?"

We can only reply that some recent utterances of Mr. Julian Ralph are things we make no pretence of explaining. The gentleman has evidently made up his mind as to the cussedness of the Boers, and he is sticking to it. And, presumably, he continues to get his information from the most reliable British sources. He is not the only American who is still believing all that comes from England. The gentleman is merely a little slower than the majority of his countrymen in discovering certain truths.

He is clinging to the belief that

"Whatever is (British) is right."



"NOW, JOHNNY, YOU'VE BEEN A VERY BAD BOY, AND TO PUNISH YOU I AM GOING TO SHOW YOU THE PICTURES IN ALL THE SUNDAY PAPERS."

Spring in a Hired Hansom.

THE hyacinth of various hue
Our fixed attention pardons,
In urns along the Avenue,
Blooming in gay club gardens—
What though our steed his driver ires
With influenza wheezing?
Life when it moves on rubber tires
Is smooth and pleasing!

The Park is scented with the trees—
The boughs, first fragrant greenening;
A sparrow frivols with the breeze
His russet feathers preening;
Our chariot rollicks at a gait
Till Dobbin headlong stumbles;
But—don't you care—we'll laugh till Fate
The hansom tumbles!

And here—Whon, Pet!—we'll rest awhile
For early twilight dinner,
The gloaming lightened by the smile
Alike of saint and sinner.
Here lurks the shad in planks, still hung
With seaweed—mermaids' tresses.
Here glints the clam, petite and young,
Mid tender cresses!

Then—hasten—hostler—call our hack.
With oats grown gay and frisky,
He sprints in style the roadway back,
His heels flung wide and risky—
So closer in the dusk we eling,
Muffling our laughs demurely,
For we are here—and it is Spring—
That's plenty—surely!

Kate Masterson.

May.

THE brightest link in the chain of the
year
Is saucy, piquant, prodigal May;
She captures Spring's largess with never a
fear,
To love and to play with it day after day.

Around her head the gay sunbeams meet,
The blue of heaven is in her clear eye,
And the violets bend to her flying feet,
As she and bright morning go racing by.

Pink and white is she garlanded fair
In blossoms sweet that encircle her form,
While hawthorn bloom is pale in the hair
That Phœbus kissed till 'twas ruddy and
warm.

The robin is trilling away in her throat,
Ay, May's a creation of music and mirth;
In the sun of her life there is never a mote,
For she's born to the beauty of spring-
time on earth.

Not on the past or the future dwells she,
With grieving April or passionate June,
Her thought but to dance over upland and
lea,

Till she falter and droop beneath sum-
mer's first noon.

Then kissing her garlands she scatters
them wide,
Smiles back at the brooklet that mirrored
her way;

Oh, nature's own darling, whatever betide,
Is gay, inconsequent, beautiful May.

Anna M. Fowler.

Undeveloped Possibilities.

IN this black box my love I hold,
A very happy wizard I!
Who, like the wise King Solomon,
Have bottled up the great geni.
Yet if you raised yon sable lid
You would not find where she is hid.

She does not know that she is caught,
Imprisoned by my cunning art.
Did she but guess, with furious glance
She'd pierce me to my gleeful heart!
All ignorant I'll let her be
That she shall dwell so near to me.

Strange essences I'll bring to bear,
And fluids to my science known,
Then shall she smile, forever smile;
Yea, smile, and smile for me alone—
So tho' she frowns when'er I plead,
Of Chloe's smiles I'll have my mead.

Down in the dark, where red lamps glow,
The better works my necromancy.
There shall I watch her features grow,
More lovely than a poet's fancy.
She does not guess—Oh, she'd look black—
I snapped her with my old kodak!

Oliver Herford.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER (*during lesson on the children of Israel*):
Robert, tell me why it was the children
of Israel built a golden calf.

ROBERT: I don't know, unless 'twas
that they didn't have gold enough to
make a cow.



By Nikola Tesla.

I DO not know how this story will strike the average reader, but it has always seemed a very funny one to me. There are certain times in the year when in my country—that is, throughout the Balkan district—the high dignitaries of the Greek Church make a tour of the country, visiting the schools to ascertain the standard of intelligence among the children.

Of course there is great excitement among the teachers when this time comes along, and the pupils are coached in all their studies until they are in a

state of nervousness which makes them appear to the very worst advantage.

On one occasion a certain gray-bearded patriarch, a bishop I think it was, visited one of the schools and made a very satisfactory examination of the boys. Then he began an impressive and kindly address on the subject of religion, in the course of which he made the statement that God was everywhere.

"God is everywhere, my dear children," he repeated, "and you must always remember that He sees you—"

Suddenly a boy interrupted the aged

prelate. "Is God in our cellar?" he asked.

The remark created some consternation. The other boys were abashed at the temerity of their comrade, while the teacher looked all sorts of things at the youthful offender.

But the bishop, good-hearted man, drew the boy away from his companions and patted him gently on the head.

"Yes, my dear child," he said; "God is in your cellar, and—"

"You lie!" shouted the boy, triumphantly. "We haven't any cellar."



Lucky Filipinos.

IT appears that the Filipinos have lost confidence in Americans.

Do those benighted wretches fail to realize what we have accomplished in their islands?

We may have burnt certain villages, destroyed considerable property and incidentally slaughtered a few thousand of their sons and brothers, husbands and fathers, etc., but what did they expect?

Were we to transport an army more than half way around the earth merely to listen to peace propositions?

Not much.

And look at Manila.

Two years ago the main street of Manila did not possess a single saloon. Now there are thirteen on this one street!

And they complain that drunken American soldiers insult the native women.

What do they expect from a drunken soldier, anyway?

Progress is now in those islands.

She may be red-handed, and at times drunk, but she is there for business.



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A LITTLE INCIDENT
SHOWING THAT EVEN INANIMATE OBJECTS CAN EYE



A LITTLE INCIDENT.

INANIMATE OBJECTS ENTER INTO THE SPIRIT OF THE GAME.



An After-Theatre Symposium.



SCENE.—The corner table in a well-known Fifth Avenue restaurant. About it are seated BEN HUR, SAPHO, PETRONIUS, SHERLOCK HOLMES, HAMLET'S FATHER'S GHOST, and ROSE TRELAWNEY. On the table is a simple supper of broiled lobster, rarebit, canvas-back duck, paté de fôte gras sandwiches and Camembert cheese. At each place is a bottle of Clos de Vougeot in a coater, and a magnum of champagne wearing a napkin for a shroud.

SHERLOCK: Very sorry, but this is the best I could do for you in the way of a supper. I dispose of Dr. Moriarity every night and matinée, and have done so all this season, but he has a good many more lives than the average cat and turns up regularly the next night. Naturally this bothers me a good deal, and I have not been able to arrange matters as I should like to have done. Petronius, will you oblige me with your hypodermic syringe a moment. Thank you—there—I feel better now.

SAPHO: I don't understand, Mr. Holmes, how you have managed to stay in New York so long and successfully. There is nothing indecent or immoral about you—except the morphine habit,—you were not translated from the French, and you haven't been persecuted by the yellow journals.

BEN HUR: And there isn't a bit of the New Testament in you for our Jewish managers to lure the Christians with.

SHERLOCK: Very simple, my friends. New York people come to see me because they like to see Mr. Gillette smoke cigars. Pardon me, Ghost, but I think that if Mr. Gillette should appear as your melancholy son and smoke cigars in every act of "Hamlet." New Yorkers would crowd to see him.

HAMLET'S FATHER'S GHOST. No such luck. New York people won't have my son and me at any price. Not one in a hundred of them can understand Shakespeare's lines.

PETRONIUS: Lines? What need of lines when the Neros of the Syndicate provide for the dear public nudity, indecency, tawdriness, and frank discussion of forbidden subjects? What need of lines, or

thoughts, or poetry, or simple beauty for such a debauched public?

ROSE TRELAWNEY: Shame upon you Petronius, you worn-out cynic of a bygone age. Didn't they have poor, simple me for almost an entire season and then revive me for another week?

PETRONIUS: True, my dear and lovable Rose but it wasn't New Yorkers who went to see you. Perhaps a few did—for there are a few left in the older generations who relish a wholesome, natural play. You were kept alive for the most part by out-of-town people. You were too sweet and clean, too little sensational, for the average yellow-journal-devouring New Yorker.

BEN HUR: What are you objecting for, Petronius? New Yorkers go to see you.

PETRONIUS: They don't come to see me, nor you either, on account of our art. It's only because we're flavored with a little sacrilegious religion, that the same people who would crowd a tent to see a two-headed calf, rush to behold our chariot races and dancing-girls and spectacular scenes. They don't care for dramatic art, and wouldn't know it if they saw it.

SAPHO: How do you explain their going to see Sherlock?

PETRONIUS: Not so modestly as he does. If he could smoke cigars with his ears and eyes and get the yellow journals to picture him and interview him about it, his cigar-smoking theory might hold. The fact is, Sherlock is a shrewd fellow, who knows the public is always interested in a detective story, if it is clean, ingenious and not too lurid. Sherlock was clever enough to devise such a play and suit the leading part to his own individuality. He let himself be guided by his own ideas instead of by the Syndicate's, and that's the reason he's a success outside of their methods.

SAPHO: There, dears, you are all right, but I am getting very tired and must be going. Is there anyone among those present who will carry me upstairs?

PETRONIUS: I will, dear Sapho, because you remind me so much of a girl I once knew in Rome. You may walk with us, poor, exiled Ghost, and escort dear Rose, and we will carry Sapho up the stairs of Ben Hur's house to the roof, where we

will watch for the dawn of a brighter theatrical day.

SHERLOCK: And I will stay below to square things with the yellow journals and the police. Metcalfe.

LIFE'S BULLETIN OF THE THEATRES.

The American.—Legitimate light opera, conscientiously sung in English.

Broadway.—"Ben Hur," a fairly interesting spectacular play founded on the life of Christ. Calculated to catch the money of persons who do not mind seeing their religion used as a theatrical attraction.

Academy of Music.—"Way Down East." Rural drama of the realistic sort, likely to please the easily pleased.

Fifth Avenue.—Joseph Jefferson, the boy actor, in a new play called "Rip Van Winkle."

Daly's.—"The Runaway Girl." A slight story set to pretty and graceful music. Well sung, funny, and well acted.

Wallack's.—"Sapho." Not a good dramatization of Daudet's book. Handsomely produced, but existing only by virtue of the persecution started by the yellow journals.

The New York.—"Quo Vadis." A handsome and interesting spectacle based on Christian history in the time of Nero. Appeals to the same people as "Ben Hur."

Herald Square.—"Quo Vadis." Not so well done.

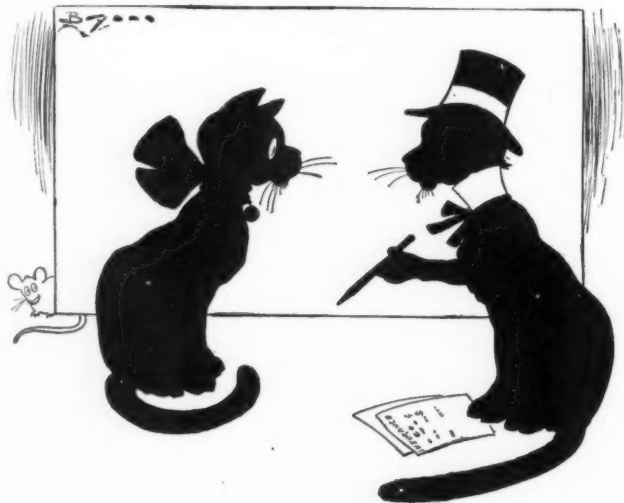
Garriick.—Gillette, admirably reproducing Conan Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes." A good place to get thrilled.

Garden.—"Hearts are Trumps." A strenuous melodrama with a touch of the indecent.

Empire.—"Lord and Lady Algy." A last year's matinée success warmed over to piece out a not brilliant season.

Criterion.—James K. Hackett in "The Pride of Jennico." A well-acted play with a story, and any amount of fighting and killing.

Knickerbocker.—"The Bostonians" in "The Viceroy." Light opera above the average in book and music; clean and well sung. A pleasant evening's pastime.



Insurance Agent: REMEMBER, MY FRIEND, YOU ONLY HAVE NINE LIVES, SO YOU HAD BETTER INSURE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.



The New Education.

THERE has been lately drawn up a rough draft of the prospectus of the University of the Benevolent Assimilation, which is to be founded, as soon as conditions make it wise, at Manila. Indeed, preparatory work is now being carried on there. The finished prospectus is to appear shortly before the November elections. The plan discloses some startling novelties in pedagogy, to which we shall doubtless accustom ourselves, as does the preceptor of the abattoir, when he gently but firmly dims the soft eyes of his bovine pupils.

Politics is the specialty. A course on "Modern Political Methods; or, Every Man His Own Electorate," is conducted by Professor Hanna (assisted by Mr. McKinley). Special attention is called to the danger of having definite lines of policy. For a

degree, this course may be substituted for either (or both, at the option of the student) of the two courses on Government and Statesmanship, those in charge of these courses being on leave of absence.

Professor Roosevelt has a very interesting course in Strenuosity. During the first term, occasions for the exercise of the strenuous life will be furnished pupils. But as the course advances, these extraneous aids will be dispensed with. The administration has appropriated the State of Kentucky for purposes of illustration, for which gift it piously repays itself by repeating: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Cursory examination does not reveal whether or not this quoting of appropriate Bible texts is designed to catch the church vote. As this course is sustained by heavy endowments, there is no extra fee for breakage.

There is a Seminary Course in Anthropology, whose work for the first year is to inquire into the status of the man who is neither a citizen nor subject of any country. The instructor is ordered to keep the class from formulating anything positively.

Really an interesting document. Some points are left vague—everything seems to be tentative. For instance, no reason is given for putting study of the Constitution and Declaration of Independence in the department of Dead Languages. But such obscurities will surely be cleared up when the plan is put into operation.

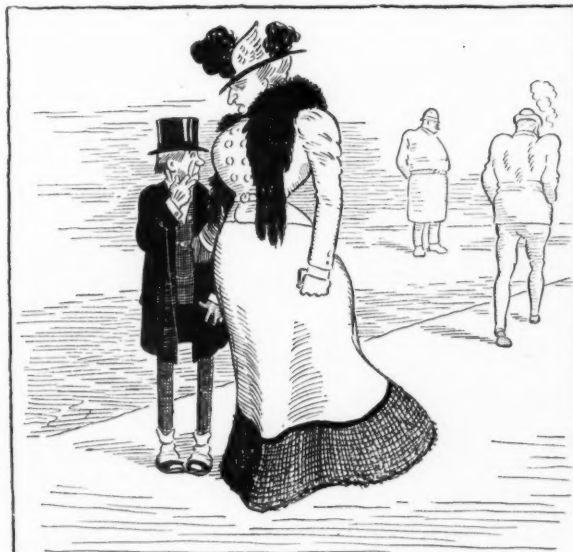
Non-Committal.

"CAN you depend on what Jones says?"

"If you know Jones."

"But is he truthful?"

"Well, if Ananias had been a contemporary of Jones's, he'd never have become celebrated."



"DAVID BAILEY, IF YOU DON'T GO RIGHT BACK THERE AND DEMAND AN APOLOGY FROM THAT MAN WHO JUST INSULTED ME, YOU ARE NO GENTLEMAN."

"I'LL DO IT, DEARIE."



"ARE YOU MUCH HURT, DAVID?"

"YES (gasping). BUT—YOU—SEE—I—AM—A—GENTLEMAN."

A Difference.

"TOMMY," said his aunt one day,
When he'd come in from his play,
"Don't you go into the pant—
By,—on that point I'm adamant."
Tom had been there more than twice—
Knew that jam was very nice,
So he didn't say, "I shan't,"
But, "I should say, you're a damn aunt."

M. D. E.



AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

WHICH is the meanest city in the United States?

This is an important question, and one that LIFE would like to have definitely settled. With that object in view, we offer

A Prize of Fifty Dollars in Gold
for the best statement of facts which prove that any particular city is the meanest one in this country.

Conditions.

Competitors must limit their arguments to three hundred words each.

Write on one side of the paper only.

The contest will close June 1st, 1900, and the award will be made as soon thereafter as the respective merits of the arguments can be determined.

The winning argument will be printed, together with such others as may seem to LIFE worthy of that distinguished honor.

Names and addresses of the writers should accompany all manuscripts. In no case will these be printed without the permission of the sender. Those who desire their manuscripts returned should enclose a stamped and addressed return envelope.

Each manuscript may bear a pseudonym, which will be printed with the argument.

The Editors of LIFE are to be the sole judges of the merits of the arguments.

PEORIA, ILLINOIS.

Peoria, Illinois, the dirtiest city in the United States, is situated within easy smell of several packing houses, three distilleries, a glucose plant and a stagnant lake.

When it does not rain in Peoria, the inhabitants congratulate one another and exclaim: "Vot a vine day!"

When the sun shines in Peoria, it is last week's sun just penetrating the soot. All business houses close, and the whole community takes a holiday.

Hogs run Peoria streets with impunity, as might be expected in a city where everybody is either a Ritzenheimer, an Ottenwoller or an Eckerstein. The buildings in Peoria are low, because otherwise hundreds of citizens, made desperate by their environments, would seek relief by leaping from top stories. Low structures decrease the mortality rate.

So mean is Peoria, that it has a flourishing Crève-Coeur Club, composed of men who are broken-hearted over living in the place. The membership and the waiting list together are equal to the sane male population. The club is named after old Crève-Coeur fort, erected by La Salle and Tonti near the site of the present city. La Salle and Tonti were broken-hearted because, after braving so many perils, they rounded up at such a spot.

If you reside in the valley of Peoria, so thick are the smoke and dust that when you ascend the bluffs you experience nausea from the comparatively rarefied atmosphere. And if you dwell on the bluffs, you can venture below only when supplied with individual smoke consumer and compass.

Peoria has had two distinguished inmates—Bob Burdette and Col. Ingersoll. Burdette on escaping underwent such a reaction that he became a humorist; Ingersoll, while confined there, had implanted in him the firm conviction that there can be no hell after death.

Having briefly touched this subject of Peoria, I must now go and take a bath.

A Fugitive.



"I BET DAT FELLER WISHES HE WUZ LIKE ME WOT AIN'T GOT NO HOME."

ST. LOUIS.

Why not St. Louis? Is it that all unfortunates confined there have died before the expiration of their terms? The natives never die, save an occasional one who chances to swallow his constant companion, a toothpick. Usually they live forever, but their minds are a blank to all events subsequent to 1864.

St. Louis is a Boer Republic, within whose domain a stranger is stared at, regarded with suspicion, and, if a woman, subjected to uncouth and uncalled-for attentions.

In St. Louis a man builds himself a hundred-thousand-dollar mansion, then sits on his twenty-thousand-dollar porch in his shirt sleeves, enjoying a Perfecto retailing at three for a nickel, while his good wife does the housework.

In St. Louis theatre audiences applaud only local hits and scenic effects, and invariably ruin the finale of every performance by stampeding in a wild effort to reach the doors before the fall of the curtain. This is the only time people hurry in St. Louis.

In St. Louis men with long, gray beards are behind the counters, and suit their convenience in serving patrons.

In St. Louis the newspapers publish cuts of an eight-story building, and label it, "One of St. Louis's Sky Scrapers."

In St. Louis the daily bath is not a pleasure, but an operation, in undergoing which it is necessary to close the eyes and the olfactory organs.

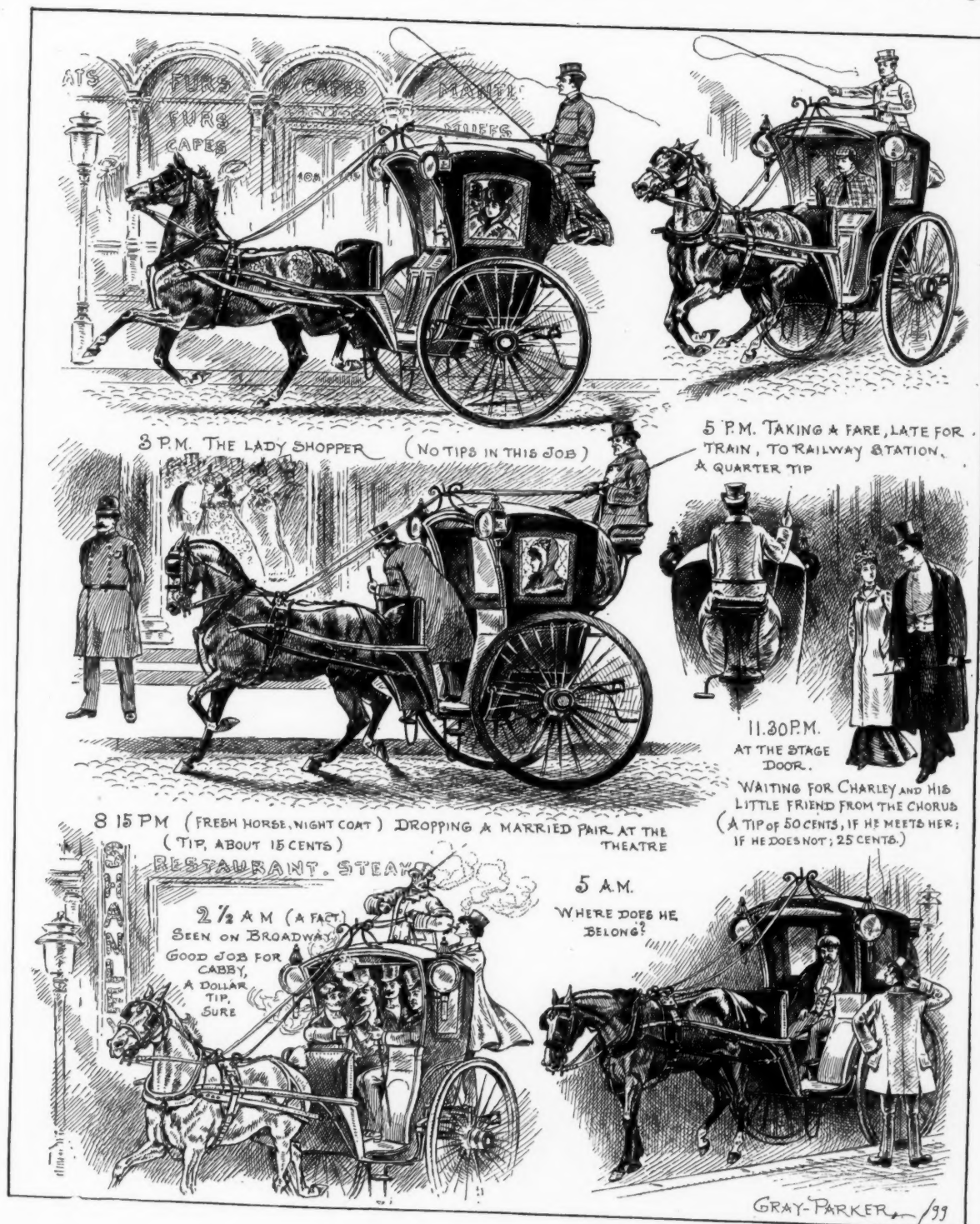
In St. Louis few streets are paved, street crossings are a novelty, and sidewalks a monstrosity.

St. Louisians never see any city but their own and Sedalia, Mo. They know that Chicago is on the map, but try to forget it.

In a "Mean City" competition St. Louis is IT. *One Who Escaped.*

SHE: Papa says if we get married he'll pay half the expenses of furnishing.

HE: Well, what about the other half?



A FEW HOURS IN THE LIFE OF A HANSON.



MARY had two little feet,
And these she liked to show.
And everywhere that Mary went
These feet were sure to go.
She took them to a shop, one day,
To have them shod a-new;
"What number?" asked the shoeman's clerk,
And Mary said: "Why, two!"

—Yonkers Statesman.

AFTER the decease of the late P. T. Barnum, the "Greatest Show of Earth" continued for a while to use the magic of his name. Once when nearing Hartford it sent free tickets to clergymen there. Among the letters containing tickets was one addressed to the Rev. Dr. Joel Hawes, who had died some years before. The letter was sent to Dr. George L. Walker, then the active pastor of the First Church. On reading it, Dr. Walker is reported to have said:

"A letter from P. T. Barnum to Dr. Hawes. Mr. Barnum is dead, and Dr. Hawes is dead. It is evident that they have not met, yonder."—Argonaut.

THE hoary old witch approached the superstitious Napoleon.

"Great son," she cackled, scratching four points in the dust with her stick, "all is not bright in thy path of destiny; a rival star rises—rises—rises far above that of thy own."

"Speak, hag!" growled the great dictator; "how shall this rival, sting?"

"He will elbow thee from thy place in the magazines of future generations."

"And his name, hag?"

"Oliver Cromwell."—Chicago News.

THE wit of the Choates is a family trait. The bonmots of Rufus circulated in his day as Joseph's do in ours. By overwork Rufus had shattered his health. Edward Everett expostulated with him on one occasion, saying:

"My dear friend, if you are not more self-considerate you will ruin your constitution."

"Oh," replied the legal wag, "the constitution was destroyed long ago. I'm living on the by-laws!"

—Green Bag.

GEORGE TREVELYAN, a well-known English writer, was walking with a young woman to whom he desired to show all the celebrities of Cambridge. They encountered Ruskin, and Trevelyan, hoping he would say something characteristic, addressed the great man, asking if he had heard the news.

"What news?" was the reply.

"Plevna has fallen."

"Plevna? I never heard of it. I know nothing later than the fourteenth century."—The Door Knob.

"HAVE you read Mr. Carnegie's answer to Mr. Frick's complaint," asked the observant boarder.

"No, I haven't," replied the indolent boarder. "I shall wait until it appears in book form, in an édition de luxe, and then I'll draw it from the Carnegie Library."

—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

HOTEL MAN (who thinks he is calling down his butcher): Say, I am shy a heart and a liver, eight ribs and a shoulder. Now, I want 'em right away.

RAILWAY OFFICE (which has been connected by mistake): Sorry, sir, but the wreck has been cleared up.

—Baltimore American.

A UNITED STATES CONSUL in one of the French seaports was asked to preside at an examination in English at the chief municipal school.

"Jem, you will stand up," said the master to his brightest pupil. "Conjugate the verb 'I have a gold mine.'"

"I have a gold mine," responded the bright pupil, with scarcely an accent, "Thou hast a gold thine, He has a gold hisen, We have a gold ourn, They have a gold theirn."

—Exchange.

"Ah!" sighed the long-haired passenger, "how little we know of the future and what it has in store for us."

"That's right," rejoined the man with the auker whiskers in the seat opposite. "Little did I think some thirty years ago, when I carved my initials on the rude desk in the old country schoolhouse, that I would some day grow up and fail to become famous."—Chicago News.

A LITTLE while ago a federal judge in a Western Territory remarked that if he should receive a letter that was not addressed to "The Honorable," he would decline to read it, taking it for granted that the writer desired to treat him with indignity. This recalls the story of the Georgia lawyer who had been elevated to the bench. His wife said to him, "Law John, if you be Judge, what be I?"

"Oh," was the ungallant reply, "you will be the same old fool you always were."—Green Bag.

"A MAN with a bill!" announced the court chamberlain. The king was visibly startled.

"He must be a bird!" exclaimed his majesty, thinking of the rigorous measures he had taken to prevent creditors approaching the royal person.—Detroit Journal.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

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VICI PASTE POLISH—Puts a mirror shine on the shoe—a shine that wet won't hurt and that won't rub off on the whitest skirt or the daintiest trousers.

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Two candidates for municipal office in a North Missouri town while out canvassing, happened to strike the same locality about the same time. The hindmost one called at a certain house, where a bright little girl came to the door. Said he, "Sissie, will you please bring me a drink of water?" which she quickly did; then he gave her candy and said: "Did the man just ahead of me give you candy?" "Yes, sir." Then he gave her a nickel, and said: "Did he give you money?" "Yes, sir, he gave me 10 cents." Then, picking her up, he kissed her and said: "Did he kiss you?" "Yes, sir, and he kissed ma, too."—*Exchange*.

THE TEETHING PERIOD

is the trying time in baby's life. Proper feeding, then, is most essential. To secure uniformity of diet, use Gall Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Book "Babies" free. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.

EX-SPEAKER THOMAS B. REED, while in Washington recently, rode up to the Capitol in an F street car.

"What do you think of the Puerto Rico tariff muddle?" asked the man who sat next to him.

"I refuse to be quoted," answered Mr. Reed; "I have a reputation for plety and chaste language to preserve."—*Argonaut*.

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSE.

With telephone service you can reach everyone you want in a few seconds. It puts the whole organization of a great city at your fingers' ends day and night. It may be had in Manhattan for \$60 a year. New York Telephone Company, 115 West 38th St., 15 Dey St.

THE Metropolitan Club's telephone bell rang about nine o'clock in the evening two weeks ago and a hallboy answered it. "Is my husband there?" asked a voice.

"No ma'am," answered the hall boy.

"Wait a minute," said the voice. "There is something queer about this. You don't know my name, and before hearing it you answer promptly that my husband is not in the club. I shall report your conduct."

"It doesn't matter, ma'am, what your husband's name is," said the hall boy, "because no one's husband is ever in the club."—*Exchange*.

HOTEL VENDOME. BOSTON.

Commonwealth Avenue. Electric Lights. New and most approved plumbing.

SIR ROBERT PEEL was once going through a picture collection with a friend where there was a portrait of a prominent Englishman who was famous for saying sharp things. "How wonderfully like!" said the friend; "you can see the quiver on his lips." "Yes," replied Sir Robert, "and the arrows coming out of it."—*Argonaut*.

NOTHING is put in Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne to make it ferment, the effervescence is natural; its bouquet unrivalled.

"Doctor, do you think that automobile riding in the country would do me any good?"

"If you get one that will run about five miles out and then break down."—*Chicago News*.



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— Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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